

## Barton County Democrat.

WILL E. STOKER, Editor and Publisher.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS.

### CURRENT COMMENT.

Russia, in Europe, has a forest area of about 500,000,000 acres. One-third of the country is forest.

The king of Siam owns an elephant corps, numbering 500 animals. They are all trained for army purposes, with a general in charge.

The Salvation army has failed in two attempts to gain a footing in the City of Mexico. Mexican laws forbid all religious processions in the streets of cities.

The Chicago chief of police says that the practice of hiring out as domestic servants only to remain a few days for purposes of theft has become notably prevalent in that city.

China is in the position of the most populous nation in the world, yet unable to defend any of its harbors. In spite of its long experience in government, the old empire never learned the lesson of sea power.

The latest discovery in rural society comes from Copake, N. Y., where the citizens organized a tombstone bee and went out into the graveyard and straightened up all the toppling monuments and headstones.

According to a decision of the Kentucky court of appeals, if one annoys a dog while the animal is eating and gets bitten in consequence the victim is guilty of contributory negligence, and cannot recover damages.

In China, 12 1/2 miles from the village of Lion Chek, there is a mountain of alum, which, in addition to being a natural curiosity, is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum.

Chicago's school board has decided that its teachers must have sound bodies as well as sound minds and a great many applicants for certificates are now holding back because of the new rule that they must submit to a physical examination.

The strongest men of the three manliest races in the present world are, non-flesh eating—the Turanian mountaineers, the Mandingo tribes of Senegambia and the Schleswig-Holstein Bauern, who furnish the heaviest soldiers for the German army and the ablest seamen for the Hamburg navy.

DeWolf Hopper hailed a Broadway car in New York the other night, and when it stopped he struck a match on the step, lighted a cigar, and, thanking the motorman and conductor for their courtesy, walked away. It is said that the car officials were so paralyzed by his colossal nerve that they could not utter a word.

In his baccalaureate sermon before the senior class of the University of Illinois President Draper declared that the nineteenth century can hardly fail to be known as the century of educational advancement. One of the strongest proofs of the wonderful progress made by the world in this century is that the men in every line of science and industry declare that it is in their particular department the century has made the greatest achievements.

China is the land where everything is upside down. Thus in Canton the women act as sailors and boatmen, while the men are employed as chambermaids, landresses and seamstresses. In valuation the Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of that of his visitor. As a mark of respect he puts his hat on instead of taking it off. Their signboards are perpendicular instead of horizontal. In reading Chinese print it is necessary to begin at the right hand side at the bottom and read to the left and up.

The republican national convention held at Philadelphia recently was the twelfth since the party was organized. Of these 12 conventions Philadelphia has had three, Chicago five, and Baltimore, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and St. Louis one each. Eight of the 11 nominees of the past conventions have been elected—Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, Grant in 1868 and 1872, Hayes in 1873, Garfield in 1880, Harrison in 1888 and McKinley in 1896. The three nominees defeated were Fremont in 1856, Blaine in 1884, Harrison in 1892.

The surgeons with the British troops in South Africa have been making an exhaustive study of thirst. Of all measures for prevention of disease among troops by far the most effectual would be the prevention of thirst if that were possible. Thirst is not a mere desire of the lips or a mere craving of the stomach. It is a want arising in every corner of the organism, hence pebble sucking and spice eating, and so on, merely relieve the dryness of the mouth, but do not relieve real thirst, which can only be prevented by water.

There are three principal religions in China—Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism have elaborate and splendid ceremonies. Taoism is the oldest, Buddhism having made its appearance in China about 1,800 years ago. It is now the religion of almost eight-tenths of the people. In the northeast and southwest there are 30,000,000 Mohammedans. The Roman Catholics have more than 1,000,000 adherents and support 29 bishoprics. The converts of all the Protestant churches are estimated to number about 50,000.

### A PRETTY GOOD WORLD.

Pretty good world if you take it all round—  
Pretty good world, good people!  
Better be on than be under the ground—  
Pretty good world, good people!  
Better be here where the skies are blue  
As the eyes of your sweetheart a-smile in at you.

Better than lyin' 'neath daisies and dew—  
Pretty good world, good people!  
Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears—  
Pretty good world, good people!

Sun twinkles bright through the rain of its tears—  
Pretty good world, good people!  
Better be here, where the pathway you know—  
Where the thorn's in the garden where sweet roses grow.

Than to rest where you feel not the fall of the snow—  
Pretty good world, good people!  
Pretty good world! Let us sing it that way—  
Pretty good world, good people!

Make up your mind that you're in it to stay—  
At least, for a season, good people!  
Pretty good world, with its dark and its light—  
Pretty good world, with its love and its might.

Sing it that way till you whisper: "Good-night!"  
Pretty good world, good people!  
F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.



FREE-LANCE  
By CHAUNCEY C. HUTCHISS

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

I looked sharply at the third man, expecting some word from him, but he shifted his eyes from mine, giving me something like a sneer and shrugging his bony shoulders, but vouchsafing nothing in the way of words. He was a dogged looking rascal, with a broad, red scar across nose and cheek, a saber slash without doubt. Rawn-boned and light of weight, he looked like a sleeping cat as he lolled against the upright, his lack of brute strength probably balanced by great activity.

"Come, lads!" said I, ignoring the attitude of the silent man, "I'll be frank with you. I'm Donald Thorndyke, of the American foreman. The schooner was taken by me single-handed, and the Sprites are beyond all bearings. Lounsbury is overboard, there are two sick in the cabin, and the surgeon is at my mercy. So are you if you abide not by my terms. I offer. The schooner is in danger, and unless you turn out 'tis like you'll find the forecastle a coffin. If I make no mistake, we're in for a waltz that will come nigh to blowing us out of water if we don't roll our spurs out before. Get on deck and work the schooner under my command until we make Holmes Hole in the Vineyard, an' when you set foot ashore you are free men. I have no rations and no water. The scuttle butt has launched itself overboard, and I am afraid of the supply in the forehold. There's not a shilling in it for any of you, but 'tis a fair way of escaping the king's navy without deserting, for I'll put you on parole. I tell you, lads, I'm a bad one to foul, but you'll find I have an easy helm and never miss still if handled correctly. Now choose betwixt this hole and the deck, and choose in a hurry! If you are to save neck and freedom, throw down your knives as a sign; I've no more time to waste."

The two who had spoken looked askant each at the other, and the knife of the original spokesman fell to the deck. As the hand of the Yankee sought the sheath the third man spoke, unfolding his arms and growling like thunder as he gave vent to his words.

"Ye two be damned fools to be trustin' a rebel an' runnin' yez head into th' noose. Be ye a couple o' babby's not to mark his firearm is useless wi' th' wet? 'Ee's in our 'ands! Wot's to 'inder our takin' the craft an' gettin' th' price that lies on the 'ead of th' ere—"

"I got no further. I strode up to him and snatched my fingers in his face, then, thrusting my eyes close to his, I thundered: "On deck with ye, ye blatherers! I'll see that ye sing a tune with old iron in it ere sunrise to-morrow! On deck, I tell ye!"

Notwithstanding the din already existing in the forecastle, my voice rose far above it, its violence and the suddenness of my move making the man shrink back as though frightened. But he was not cowed. Gathering himself, he uttered a curse and sprang past me, placing himself 'twixt me and the ladder; then whipping out his knife, he called aloud to his companions:

"Take th' chance, lads, while yet we 'ave 'im! 'Twill be th' makin' o' us, an' 'tis fifty punts to each! Stand by, bullies! We'll make meat o' th' cussed spy!—Up, Larry, an' close the 'atch on 'im! I'll 'old the gangway."

His action and outspoken hostility was so sudden as to take me by surprise, and, had the others responded to his call, it would surely have gone hard with me. But instead of springing to the succor of their mate, they remained standing as though the quick shifting of the situation had for the moment dazed them. The earnestness of the fellow's purpose showed in the rapid change that came over his face. From a sulky expression it had altered to one of wide-awake ferocity, and the listless droop of arms and shoulders given place to tense muscles and rounded chest, through the hairiness of which the perspiration stood out in beads.

Even with this menace before me I could but think what a simple fool the man was. Instead of quietly following my lead and getting me at a disadvantage, he had chosen to beard me against the odds of my cutlass and the lukewarmness of his mates. At the same time, it was no case for argument, nor would it do to temporize an instant. Ere the promise of reward for my capture or the easy chance to regain control of the schooner could act upon the slowly moving minds of the well-dressed seamen, I had nipped the mutiny (if it could be so called), and had the ringleader begging for mercy.

life from him and met with little opposition or resistance. Holding him for a brief space, that my power might impress his companions as well as himself, I dropped him, and he sank to the deck with a moan that made me almost regret my act.

But the demands of war—self-preservation, pride, and the safety of others leave little latitude for the sentiment of pity in time of action. Had I in anger alone disjoined the groaning man my conscience (which, thank God, has never been seared into inactivity) might have upbraided me, but now I felt no great pang of remorse as I sprang up the ladder, calling the two to follow.

If the plucky resistance of the disabled seaman had impressed the others, such impression seemed to have disappeared as they came with me into the air above. Like owls suddenly brought into sunshine, they blinked in the now broadened light, and, hanging on to the haliards of the foremast, gazed with plain interest at the tumult about them. Sailors though they were, I would have wagered that never had they faced such a sight from so small a craft, and this was made certain when the man named Larry bawled at me, while for a moment I gripped the same rope with him:

"Barrin' an ease o' breath, ye might as well 'ave left us below. The craft can't live long this way here. 'Tis a matter o' minutes before the craft will be at the bottom. D'ye know, an' ye had better whistle for the first, let it come high or low. Belay all, an' stand by!"

His exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the schooner, followed by a sidelong dip, and a whole green sea came aboard over the starboard bow. The full force of it was broken by the house on the forecastle hatch, but the crest of the wave yet extended like a cascade, and, rising to our hips, drove us clear of the deck in a twinkling. In a bunch we hung on to the haliards until the rush subsided and let our feet come to the planking once more. I saw the flood sweep aft and foam over the break of the poop, while torrents poured down the galley and into the forecastle. It was the worst drenching the craft had yet experienced, and a few more such visitors would send enough water into the hold to make her loggy, and that would have been the last straw, as I guessed the pumps to be useless for want of care. Had I had a full crew, nothing could have been done to ease our state or render our position less perilous.

The fact that the seas were more boisterous than the calm had lasted above an hour, told me that a vicious force was still at work over the breast of the ocean. Though the sun might have been fairly up by this, there was no certainty of the fact, for the light was a greenish gray, and the clouds hung low and in furrows, fold on fold, to where the horizon was blotted out in a thick foglike haze. No land was in sight, and all about nothing showed save the hellish turmoil of the sea and the lowering menace of the sky above.

How long the schooner might have lived thus there can be no surety, and even to me, knowing as I did the soundness of each beam, rib and treenail, it was a wonder she had thus far held her spars and timbers so bravely.

But she had no longer to test a broadside battering. Having at present nothing to fear from the men (for even had they been given to plotting it were against human nature to strike at me while death threatened all), I was about descending into the cabin after ordering the two to take the limp surcote forward and stow him in a bunk. For a moment I stood and watched them career along the deck with their burden, wondering if it were wise to allow them to come in contact with their disabled mate. I saw the passage made in safety and turned to go my way when, on casting my eye over the taffrail, I beheld a wall of spray tearing along the sea off the starboard quarter. The line of its advance was as clear as that of a thunderbolt, and I had barely time to loose the main sheet and raise my voice when the squall struck us. Terrible as was its appearance, it had not the weight of the blast that had opened the ball the night before, but it heeled us far on our beam's ends, while sea after sea planted themselves against the bilge and rolled on deck until I feared we would founder under the sheer pounding of the brim. Little by little the boom had flashed to leeward, and that spar with most of its canvas lay on the waves. I had grasped the wheel and hung on for my life. It seemed that we would never right again, and I was watching the flood pouring over us when, with a clap like the discharge of a cannon, the stay-sail burst, a cloud of rage blowing away to leeward like wads from a gun. The very angle of the vessel saved her from carrying the tons of water that had beaten in, and, as the headsail let go, as an animal goaded to desperation, the Phantom rose and, gathering way, fled before the gale.

We fled before the gale, and like the spinning tops picked up by the wind and scattered broadcast without form or consistency so also fled my notice of details. Of the three terrible days during which this storm lasted I mind me only of a few poignant facts standing out against a background of remembered misery. The second stage of the tempest was fiercer by far than was the first, and the wind came from a quarter almost exactly opposite the point from which it broke on the night of August 11—namely, southeast. And with it came rain—a pent-up deluge that laced the sea and sky with parallel lines like strings of polished steel wire. While we held the wind astern it was endurable, but later, when we bore into the gale, one's face could not suffer long exposure to the blast that drove the liquid pellets before it like volleys of buck-shot.

We had not held our way for long when it became plain that to escape by running was impossible, as the following seas reached a height and speed that threatened to poop the schooner at any moment. It had finally come to laying to, and being wrecked out of hand, and every opening in the vessel was closed as tightly as possible in preparation for the move.

It was an anxious moment when the maneuver to come about was made. Each one was lashed to his post, and, when I gave the order to jam down the helm, I knew that salvation or destruction might lie in the coming brief minute.

The wind with which we had been fleeing fell as we struck the trough of the sea, the mountainous billows making a fair lea to the deck. I had closed my eyes as the wheel flew over, and when from an instant of comparative calm the gallant vessel rose and I felt the solid blast in my face instead of on my back, I shouted a thanksgiving, and in the ecstasy of my relief from the nervous tension shook hands with the sailor by my side as though he had been my lifelong friend instead of an enemy on whose death I had determined the night before.

But, though the Phantom's antics were reduced in violence and we existed in comparative comfort, the schooner was far from being secure, since the whole sea that rose and combed over the bows threatened again and again to swamp the craft, for, ere her scuppers could relieve her of the terrible weight of water from one wave, another would follow and tear aft, at times driving her bow fairly under. There was nothing to do but knock away great sections of the bulwarks to give free drainage to the flood, and, this done, we could but stand and wait for what fate had in store.

It was when we were thus driven to inching our way step by step that I was standing by the wheel, drenched, exhausted, and fast falling into my former state of dull apathy. The galley doors had been fastened to keep out the water, and the forecastle hatch was closed, though not secured. Larry and the New Bedford man were close to me, crouched in the lee cabin house. To go forward was to court death, and, though the quarter was no place for a seaman off duty, all attempts at discipline and sea etiquette had given way before the common danger, and both men kept aft to be clear of the rush of the sea.

In a half-dreamy way I was conning the horizon dead ahead when I saw the forecastle door open and the man who had deeded the step to the deck at an interval when for a moment the deluge had subsided. He was suffering agony from his wrenched arm, for his face was working, and he held the wounded limb in his right hand. The pain of it had probably driven him to desperation, or, reduced his spirit into getting aft and seeking possible relief to his torment. Behind him appeared the head and part of the body of the now sobered surgeon, at whose advice he had doubtless taken the reckless step of leaving the forecastle. The man in advance seemed dazed, for he hesitated and almost fell as the head of the schooner rose to a billow, but with an effort he turned toward me and staggered a step forward. At that instant I saw a huge sea lifting ahead, its ridge tottering to a fall, its fine crest rent by the wind, blowing to leeward like smoke, and as I marked it I threw up one hand and shouted to the man to get back. Whether he understood or not I shall never know, for ere he had gotten abreast the forecastle the vicious roller boarded the schooner with a roar and at once the fellow disappeared. I saw him a second later borne swiftly along the deck toward the bulkhead passage, and before one could shout "Man overboard!" he was swept into the sea as a bucket of water would have swept away a chip. Again I marked him drifting sternward on the crest of a wave, with one hand in the air, as in appeal, his set, white face looking like paper as he gave a last terror-stricken glance at me and a shout unheard save by his Maker.



Mutiny.

To lift a finger for his rescue was beyond all but Divine power, and, though he was no more than the boom's length from me, he was as fairly seized by death as though clutched by a fatal malady.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### A RESPIRE.

It was a tragic episode, but I had seen so much tragedy crowded into my life for the past few days that this quick and probably painless passing of a human soul made in my state but little impression. I looked for the doctor, but saw the doors of the forecastle fast closed, and afterward found that the force of the water had slammed them on him, knocking him from the ladder to the deck below. A pity it was that there and then it had not been he instead of my plucky enemy who had first planted foot to come aft. Better for my subsequent happiness that the doctor, if instead of the sailor, that red-faced drunkard had choked in the element he so despised.

The heaving into the wind and the drowning of the seamen were the only events which roused my blood to a heat which made the details stand out in memory. I might tell of the sufferings of Ames and Gertrude King, and of their utter indifference and total abandonment to what appeared certain destruction, but it would be useless. The greatest agony of either sprang from seasickness and its attending miseries. There was not one of us who thought of food, which was probably fortunate, as our stock brought on board was brine-soaked and ruined. Even my toughest self and the toughest sailors lost heart and stomach in the deadening nausea that gradually seized us and kept its hold. The doctor, imprisoned forward by the seas, and too cowardly to show his head after his own attempt to come aft, might have been in another world for all we heard or saw of him. The last drop of stimulant had gone, and with it had gone the last of even fictitious spirits. An unshakable apathy clutched our company, and as the march of the vessel was of greater violence than another, nothing marked the events of hours. Fear had passed; anxiety was dead; day and night were meaningless terms. We were only waiting the final stroke, a wrench, an open seam, and then the blessed end.

Mechanically I placed rain-soaked cloths on the wounded ribs of my friend and on the gashed head of his sister, and offered to them rain water squeezed from a square cloth of canvas. It was not because my interest in either ran high; friendship for one and love for the other had fallen with my nerve force into a latent state, and I barely responded to their needs—to my own I responded not at all. Mechanically I went to the deck, only to meet the same lead overhead and the same towering majesty of water, neither of which impressed me (for I was far past being impressed) more than I have since been by a flat calm. The pitiless rain in my face and eyes would rouse in me a dull sense of discomfort, just as a sleeping child unconsciously resents disturbance, but that was all. I would go below, meeting the lack-luster eyes of the sailors, who had also sought shelter in the

cabin, and the deathlike forms of the two on the floor, and feel that we were all sinking into the languor of starvation and prolonged strain.

By the end of the third day the Phantom was practically a floating wreck, though for all I could see not a line had parted, nor a spar, other than the topmast, been displaced. But there was no longer a buoyant lift to her bows, and the seas ran dangerously near the level of the deck—a fact that plainly spoke of water in the hold, it having drained from above or leaked between her strained planks. There had been no attempt at pumping, for no man could have stood at the brakes in the deluge that came aboard, and now we were settling, helped mightily by the nature of our cargo. But the knowledge of it gave me no trouble, nor was there a comment made on the fact, though to three of us at least the conditions were clearly apparent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### PAST GLORY.

The Moral Effect the Ruins of Copan Have Upon the Visiting Traveler.

In 1576 Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, an officer of the king of Spain, journeying from Guatemala to San Pedro, passed through the ruins of Copan, and in a letter to Philip II.—a letter that is still preserved in the British museum—describes what he saw there. His description is such as might be written to-day by any intelligent traveler; the buildings were in complete ruin and the Indians who lived in the vicinity were unable to give him any enlightenment concerning them. Yet this was only 46 years after the expedition of Chaves.

There is but one reasonable conclusion—the city was abandoned and in ruins long before the arrival of the Spaniards; all tradition concerning it was lost, and its name forgotten. Its glory was never beheld by Europeans. Could we conceive of that privilege as having been theirs, what would have been their astonishment, when, issuing from the rocky passes and dangerous defiles of the cordilleras, they first beheld the vision of this enchanted valley with its guardian city? Standing in such a situation and gazing on that scene in its present aspect, clothed in the melancholy charm of the wilderness, I was filled with admiration at the consciousness of what must have been, from the beauty of the situation and the barbaric grandeur of its architecture, the effect of that proud city in its prime.

The moral effect of all these ruins on the traveler who sojourns among them is not easily described. They have an atmosphere that is not shared by any other ruins in the world. The silence of the tomb pervades them. The solemn and sympathetic shade of the forest wraps them like the sacred dead as in a shroud of living verdure, where clinging moss and ferns, as though in pity, seem to hide what time has worn away.—Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

### GAINED HIS POINT.

A "Chronic Kicker" Who by Queer Reasoning Got What He Was After.

Some years ago an Irishman named Pat Noonan had a vegetable stand in one of the city markets. Pat was a chronic kicker for what he considered "his rights," and at the same time about as shrewd and witty a specimen of the Emerald islander as could be found in a week's travel, outside of the "old dirt," and no matter how awkward a predicament he found himself in his mental quickness generally showed him a way out.

One day he was complaining to the superintendent of the market that the rent of his stall was altogether too high, and after giving various reasons why it should be materially reduced, he wound up by solemnly declaring that he was losing at least a thousand dollars a year.

"Well, Pat, if that's the case," said the superintendent, dryly, "I'd advise you to sell out and quit the business at once. You certainly can't afford to keep on if you are running behind a thousand dollars a year."

"Shure, an' I know it," said Pat, philosophically; "the business is ruinin' me intirely, but I might ez well stick to it now that I'm at it. I've got to do somethin' to make a livin', an' if I quit sellin' cabbages an' prates an' start at some other trade I might be ather losin' more yet, I dunno."

The superintendent concluded to lower Mr. Noonan's rent and allow him to remain in the vegetable business.—N. Y. World.

### Gordon's Courage.

Sir W. H. Russell, the veteran war correspondent, tells this characteristic story of Gordon: During the Crimean war there was a sortie and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet, in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the Russians. "Gordon," they cried; "come down! You'll be killed!" But he took no notice, and a soldier who was near said: "It's all right; 'e don't mind bein' killed. 'E's one of those blessed Christians!"—Youth's Companion.

### The Continent of Plateaus.

Africa is the most elevated of all the continents. It is the "continent of plateaus." The great tableland in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet; the wide tableland on the north has an average elevation of about 1,300 feet.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Effect of His Tools.

"There is seldom any point to what he writes," said Triplett. "He nearly always uses a stub pen," explained Twyn.—Detroit Free Press.

### What It Was.

Teacher (in grammar).—Now, Johnny, if your brother says he loves his teacher, what is that?

Johnny.—A lie.—N. Y. World.

### MARKET REPORTS.

Kansas City, June 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,468; calves, 285. The market was steady to 10 cents lower. Representative sales:

| SHIPPING AND DRESSED BEEF STEERS. |             |          |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|----------|-------------|
| No.                               | Ave. Price. | No.      | Ave. Price. |
| 97.                               | 1446 55.30  | 120 XIT. | 1280 55.25  |
| 50.                               | 1215 5.30   | 97.      | 1253 5.30   |
| 27.                               | 1076 4.55   | 14.      | 1152 4.50   |
| 25.                               | 808 4.30    | 20.      | 1126 4.50   |
| WESTERN STEERS.                   |             |          |             |
| 60 stk.                           | 658 4.55    | 54 stk.  | 550 4.35    |
| 63 rdr.                           | 1033 4.00   | 2 stk.   | 445 3.75    |
| SOUTHWEST STEERS.                 |             |          |             |
| 58.                               | 808 4.40    | 12.      | 505 4.20    |
| 47.                               | 833 4.10    |          |             |

| TEXAS AND INDIAN STEERS. |           |     |          |
|--------------------------|-----------|-----|----------|
| 43.                      | 1053 4.45 | 66. | 972 4.10 |
| 210.                     | 1032 4.25 | 72. | 910 4.15 |
| 22.                      | 1061 4.25 | 18. | 974 4.20 |
| 14.                      | 897 3.20  | 24. | 988 4.30 |

| TEXAS AND INDIAN COWS. |          |     |          |
|------------------------|----------|-----|----------|
| 35.                    | 865 3.05 | 38. | 837 3.05 |
| 116.                   | 731 2.75 | 10. | 718 2.75 |
| 12.                    | 685 2.75 | 10. | 688 2.65 |
| 4.                     | 682 2.80 | 9.  | 672 2.90 |

| WESTERN COWS. |          |        |          |
|---------------|----------|--------|----------|
| 201 stk.      | 708 4.30 | 77.    | 435      |
| 56 Tex.       | 703 4.20 | 32.    | 784 4.20 |
| 15 grs.       | 770 2.55 | 2 str. | 575 2.50 |

| SOUTHWEST COWS. |          |        |          |
|-----------------|----------|--------|----------|
| 9 stk.          | 611 2.00 | 1 stk. | 670 1.85 |
| NATIVE HEIFERS. |          |        |          |
| 21.             | 918 4.75 | 4.     | 832 4.75 |
| 61.             | 885 4.65 | 29 sh. | 718 4.65 |
| 4.              | 765 4.65 | 18.    | 809 4.75 |
| 80.             | 732 4.45 | 2.     | 690 4.20 |

| NATIVE COWS. |           |    |           |
|--------------|-----------|----|-----------|
| 2.           | 1120 4.25 | 2. | 1405 4.20 |
| 2.           | 1085 4.10 | 1. | 809 4.25  |
| 18.          | 1109 3.90 | 3. | 956 4.30  |
| 5.           | 1014 2.75 | 2. | 630 2.75  |

| NATIVE STOCKERS.        |          |    |          |
|-------------------------|----------|----|----------|
| 9.                      | 485 4.80 | 2. | 857 4.40 |
| 26.                     | 647 4.40 | 4. | 505 4.25 |
| 7.                      | 800 4.00 | 2. | 500 3.65 |
| STOCK COWS AND HEIFERS. |          |    |          |
| 14.                     | 627 4.00 | 1. | 551 4.00 |
| 4.                      | 685 3.60 | 1. | 897 3.60 |
| 1.                      | 610 3.50 | 6. | 728 3.50 |
| 2.                      | 685 3.25 | 2. | 674 3.25 |

Hogs—Receipts, 6,045. The market was steady to 5 cents lower. Representative sales:

| No. | Ave. Price. | No.  | Ave. Price. |
|-----|-------------|------|-------------|
| 85. | 55.30       | 89.  | 57.45       |
| 68. | 56.20       | 49.  | 55.30       |
| 82. | 57.15       | 154. | 57.15       |
| 88. | 182 5.00    | 104. | 158 5.00    |
| 30. | 144 4.55    | 24.  | 150 4.95    |
| 2.  | 160 4.50    | 11.  | 113 4.85    |
| 2.  | 160 4.50    | 11.  | 113 4.85    |

Sheep—Receipts, 2,300. The market was steady to 5 cents lower. Representative sales:

|      |                       |                                    |              |
|------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|--------------|
| 000. | Good to prime steers, | \$5.00@5.75;                       |              |
|      | stockers and feeders, | \$3.00@4.75; cows,                 |              |
|      | \$2.90@4.35; heifers, | \$3.10@4.75; Texas fed             |              |
|      | steers,               | \$4.30@5.15.                       |              |
|      | Hogs—Receipts,        | 40,000. Mixed and                  |              |
|      | butchers,             | \$5.10@5.35; good to choice, heavy |              |
|      |                       | \$5.20@5.35.                       |              |
|      | Sheep—Receipts,       | 14,000. Good to choice             |              |
|      | wethers,              | \$4.00@5.00; western sheep,        |              |
|      |                       | @4.75; native lambs,               | \$5.00@5.40. |